

The Weekly Museum.

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Account of the LIFE of the late JOHN ELWES, Esq.—By Edward Topham, Esq.

NOTHING has hitherto been said or written of the avarice and meanness of that race of human beings denominated *Misers*, which is not included in the character of Mr. Elwes. Indeed, these authentic Memoirs—which form an Epoch in the eighteenth century—outdo all that might be expected from the labors of a fertile imagination, striving to debase mankind, by ascribing to them a vice which cannot naturally gratify the caprices of the present moment, nor extend pleasure or comfort to the future one. That drops which a true philosopher, or, indeed, a rational member of society, looks on with indifference, in any other point of view than for what it was intended, appears to the Miser as a consideration of the first importance. Perhaps he may be styled *miserably happy*.

The author of this work appears to have written from the best information—his own knowledge; and as he vouches for the truth of what he says, it would ill become us—aware as we are of the various passions which agitate mankind—to insinuate suspicion.

The failings which afflicted Mr. Elwes, were of family origin, his mother having flattered herself to death, although left by her husband, near one hundred thousand pounds. But the uncle of Mr. Elwes, Sir Harvey, it seems, was the most perfect picture of penury that ever existed: and as the nephew in the early years of his life, was not altogether of a saving turn, he found it necessary to assume, what in more advanced years he practised in reality, that he might please his uncle, and inherit his possessions. As we mean to select a few particulars relating to Mr. Elwes, it will not be necessary to detail the life of his uncle; especially as the reader will be left to gather the character of Sir Harvey, by supposing him to be much worse than his nephew—and this, indeed, the anecdotes related by the author, seem to confirm.

"The acquaintances which Mr. Elwes formed at Westminster school, and at Geneva, together with his own large fortune, all conspired to introduce him into whatever society he best liked. He was admitted a member of the club at Arthur's, and various other clubs of that period. And, as some proof of his notoriety at that time, as a man of deep play—Mr. Elwes, the late lord Robert, and some others, are noticed in a scene in the "Adventures of a Guinea," for the frequency of their midnight orgies.—Few men, even from his own acknowledgement, had played deeper than himself: and

with success more various. I remember hearing him say, he had once played two days and a night without intermission: and the room being a small one, the party were nearly up to knees in cards. We lost some thousands at that sitting. The late Duke of Northumberland was of the party—who never would quit a table where any hope of winning remained.

"Mr. Elwes, after sitting up a whole night at play for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, amidst splendid rooms, gilt sophas, wax lights, and waiters attendant on his call, would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but into Smithfield, to meet his own cattle, which were coming to market from Thaxton hall, a farm of his in Essex! There would this same man, forgetful of the scenes he had just left, stand in the cold or rain, bartering with a carcass butcher for a shilling! Sometimes, when the cattle did not arrive at the hour he expected, he would walk on the mire to meet them; and, more than once, has gone on foot the whole way to the farm without stopping, which was 17 miles from London.

"On the death of his uncle, Mr. Elwes then came to reside at Stoke in Suffolk. Bad as was the mansion house he found here, he left one still worse behind him at Marcham, of which the late Col. Timms, his nephew, used to mention the following proof.—A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain fell in the night—he had not been long in bed before he found himself wet thro'; and putting his hand out of the clothes, he found the rain was dropping through the ceiling upon the bed—he got up and moved the bed; but he had not lain long before he found the same inconvenience.—Again he got up, and again the rain came down. At length after pushing the bed quite round the room, he got into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and he slept till morning.—When he met his uncle at breakfast, he told him what had happened—"Aye! aye! (said the old man) I don't mind it myself; but to those who do, that's a nice corner in the rain.

The author's account of this gentleman's huntman is somewhat interesting. "This famous huntman might have fixed an epoch in the history of servants for, in a morning, getting up at four o'clock he milked the cows—he then prepared breakfast for Mr. Elwes, or any friends he might have with him: then, slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of kennel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigues of hunting, he refreshed himself by rubbing down two or

three horses as quickly as he could; then running into the house to lay the cloth, and wait at dinner; then hurrying again into the stable to feed the horses—diversified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night. What may appear extraordinary, the man lived for some years; though his master used often to call him "an idle dog!" and say, "he wanted to be paid for doing nothing!"

"That Mr. Elwes was not troubled with too much natural affection, the following little anecdote will testify. One day he put his eldest boy upon a ladder, to get some grapes for the table, when, by the ladder slipping, he fell down, and hurt his side against the end of it. The boy had the precaution to go up into the village to the barber, and get blooded; on his return, he was asked where he had been, and what was the matter with his arm? He told his father that he had got bled.—"Bled! bled! (said the old gentleman;) but what did you give?"—"A shilling," answered the boy. "Psha! (replied the father) you are a blockhead!—never part with your blood!"

"All earthly comforts he voluntarily denied himself: he would walk home in the rain in London, sooner than pay a shilling for a coach: he would sit in wet cloaths, sooner than have a fire to dry them; he would eat his provisions in the last state of putrefaction, sooner than have a fresh joint from a butcher; and he wore a wig for above a fortnight, which I saw him pick up out of a rut in a lane where we were riding. This was the last extremity of laudable economy: for, to all appearance, it was the cast off wig of some beggar!

"The extent of his property in houses soon grew so great, that he became, from calculation his own insurer; and he stood to all his losses by conflagrations. He soon therefore became a philosopher upon fire; and I remember well, on a public house belonging to him, being consumed, that he said with great composure—"Well, well, there is no great harm done; the tenant never paid me; and I should not have got quit of him so quickly in any other way."

At the age of sixty, Mr. Elwes became member of parliament for Berkshire; and he sat in the house twelve years, and might have continued longer, had not his own excessive avarice induced his resignation. His political, was as extraordinary, as his private conduct; one day, he voted with lord North, the next with Mr. Fox, to shew his penetration and independence; but not as a proof of either, he declared in favour of the ever memorial coalition.

To be concluded.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To LYCIDAS.

WHAT Star art thou that thro' this northern sky,
Pour'st the bright rays of sacred poetry?
What tuneful bard whose soft Orphean strain,
Charms from my aching heart its savage pain?
Tell me, enchanter, tell me who art thou,
Th' Muse's fav'rite Son?—full well I know thee now.

At the gray twilights visionary hour,
Raptur'd I've heard such dulcet lays as thine;
Awe-struck have listen'd to th' pensive power,
Knowing such melody must be divine.

Indulgent tune again thy golden lyre,
And while with potent hand you strike the wire,
One spark celest'ial may be caught by me,
And prompt a theme worthy the praise of thee:
Yes, let thy fingers kiss the sounding string,
And o'er my soul thy magic fervors fling.

Pale Melancholy's weeping child am I,
Once rear'd in stern Misfortune's rugged school,
And bow'd to Earth beneath her iron rule,
But still alive to melting Sympathy.

I too have trod fantastic Pleasure's round,
My youthful brows with rosy chaplets bound;
By turns the laugh, the song, the mazy dance,
Have held my senses in ecstasie trance:
And I have thoughtless drain'd her madd'ning bowl,
And felt her poisons through my bosom roll.

But now far from her witching smiles I haste,
Dire sorrow trembling in my tearful eye,
Preferring to her courts the untrod waste,
Where I may heave the anguish loaded sigh.

Thy flowing numbers by Apollo taught,
With all of pathos and of beauty fraught;
Again I'd hear — choose thou the plaintive strain,
Nor fear to give my wounded bosom pain:
For there is transport, luxury in woe,
A bliss that vulgar minds can never know.

March 5.

JULIA.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

No. I.

To CANDOUR.

A Circumstance which transpired some time ago, induced me to make a few observations on the passion of jealousy, which I here transmit to you.

A jealous man is an evil minded being, never contented, always unhappy, always upon the range, his own sufferings in general are far greater than the sufferings of those he aims at. Jealousy is a passion every person ought to avoid, its consequences often prove fatal, not to the person aimed at so much as to its restless self—it is a dark underhanded genius, but through its own turbulence; through its own vicious designs seldom fails of discovering itself—its too great haste in watching the motion of others, seldom leaves it sufficient time to form its plans, and as often when formed through its own impetuosity discovers the snares it has secretly laid—of which I here give you an instance.

A person whom I was once well acquainted with, and whom I shall now call Lemuas, was troubled with that worst of disorders, Jealousy, which carried him to such a pitch that he could neither eat, drink, or sleep in quiet for it; he set one person to watch over another, and that person as often deceived him, his fears indeed were so great that instead of hiding his projects till they should arrive at maturity, they betrayed him to the very persons he was watching, who only laughed at his frivolous fears, his suspicions al-

ways proved to be groundless, yet such was the impetuosity of his temper, that the oftener he found them to be so, the more he persevered in raising new ones—Jealousy had taken so deep a root in his heart, that he for a long time seemed to be determined to strive against the stream, till overwhelmed with sorrow at his misfortunes, and drove by his malevolent distemper to the despair of ever gaining any thing to his credit by his underhanded ways—he like an enemy lying in ambush, suddenly bursts forth to open assaults but conscious of his demerits, he fights, struggles, and finally retreats, leaving the field of battle to him he sought to injure—Such is the end of Jealousy.

I remain, &c.

February 28, 1793.

VERITAS.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Harrison.

By giving the following a place in your impartial paper, you will oblige

EDMUND.

A Few evenings after the nuptials of Mr. — and Miss — were celebrated, I happened to fall in company with Adelaide, who very politely presented me with a piece of cake, she had received at the wedding, with directions to put it under my head to dream on; which directions I complied with, and gently reclined on my pillow with thoughts replete of the married pair. While thus I lay musing on the cause for which this ambrosial food was made, sleep insensibly stole upon me, which was followed by a diversified vision of pleasure and pain.

Methought I was in a large rough uncultivated field, in the midst of a number of emaciated beings, which upon inquiry I found to be a set of men called *Old Bachelors*; who through the disappointment of capricious Mistresses had sequestered themselves from the female world. Not pleased with the uncouth manners & selfish dispositions of the company, I left them and entered a thicket, where having wandered up and down for some time, I came to an opening filled with multitudes of both sexes, amongst which were many of my acquaintance. Emma too was there, and though the slighted Corydon, methought it was only to call his love in exercise. Whilst in this manner I stood observing the manœuvres of the crowd, a likely young fellow passed by, and in a plaintive tone, cried, Oh! fair Adelaide, why dost thou thus me, the fascinating charms of thy beauty hath perforated my soul. Unhappy youth! cried I, would thy mind wert as tranquil as mine; but alas! how sorely did I expiate for my ill-timed commiseration. Cupid whose authority I had insulted, with a piercing arrow now wounded my heart, and I became the humble devotee of a beautiful young coquet.—On a sudden the whole multitude moved forward, each with his favorite, and entered a pleasing path, which conducted us to a grove called *courtship*, which for thickness of shade, embroidery of flowers, and melody of birds; with the distant purling of streams and falls of water, was so wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our senses, and intoxicated our minds with pleasure. The romantic ideas with which the place naturally inspired us, made each eager in his pursuit. Some whose predominant principles were sincerity, yielded to the intreaties of their lovers; and with rapture anticipated the happy day; while others jilted their pursuers, and through unnatural labyrinths eluded the chase. The treachery of my mistress involuntary classed me among the latter. The once enchanting bower had now to me lost all its charms; I therefore with precipitancy left a place which only conspired to augment my grief; and at a small distance ef-

pied a willow, whose drooping branches o'er spread a rippling stream. Its emblematic boughs invited my solitary steps to their friendly shade, where I reflected on the vicissitudes of human life. The pungency with which those reflections operated on my mind dispelled the misty clouds of sleep, when to my great joy I found it but a DREAM.

March 6, 1793.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. HARRISSON,

I Have for some time been a spectator of the controversy which has lately occupied a part of your paper; and as it is now, or at least ought to be, near upon a close, I think the opinion of one entirely unconcerned in the dispute and ignorant of the authors will not be much amiss, give me leave to introduce my remarks by a short anecdote:—

A French peasant appearing very attentive to a Latin disputation between two Doctors in the *Sorbonne*, a gentleman asked him what could possibly excite his attention in a language he did not understand: The peasant replied, "though I do not understand Latin, I am not quite a fool; I can easily see who has the wrong side of the question, by his being in the greatest passion."—If we apply the honest countryman's rule to the present affair, we shall find reason to suppose RUTH to have been pretty severely beaten; for her anger has got the better of her politeness, her discernment and even her poetry—want of leisure is but a paltry excuse for the prose, as it appears from the style, even of that, to be rather owing to want of materials.—RUTH seems rather unfortunate in her criticisms, having been so bewildered by passion as to seize upon some of the most faultless passages as instances of inaccuracy, omitting the only reprehensible rhyme in the whole: *Hypercritical* and *grammatical* do not make a perfect rhyme, but RUTH could not discover this, on the contrary she attacks *plague you*, and *few'r'd ague*, a kind of rhyme, which, in this species of writing, is reckoned a beauty. *Butler* and *Trumbull*, the most celebrated writers in this style, afford numerous instances of contractions and quaint terminations which are found in the most diverting parts of their works: *Milton* and *Shakespeare* (whom RUTH has quoted, I guess at second hand) are full of elisions sufficient amply to justify the practice of JANE, especially in a species of versification whose principal characteristic is to take every poetical liberty—at and at's are misrepresented as these syllables do not constitute the rhyme, which is formed by the last syllable but one, this circumstance RUTH either maliciously or ignorantly omits—the same may be said of *is* and *ideas* which rhyme very well when the syllable preceding *is* is read.—The remarks upon the spelling and contraction of some words are so puerile that any person of sense would be ashamed to attempt a confutation of them.—So much for RUTH's verbal criticism—next follows a volley of abuse as illiberal as it is unsupported; which only serves to prove that the author is in a violent passion and unable to speak with coherence, or as *Congreve* observes, "sputtering like a roasted apple."

To speak in RUTH's language, "What lingo is *post-taster*?" I have heard of *postaster* but I suppose the other word to be an improvement similar to that which follows—the temple of *Clauvia*—I always thought the lady's name was spelt C-l-o-a-c-i-n-a,—but if RUTH had inserted the plain English name of the temple here alluded to, it would have been more of a piece with the rest, and more within her sphere.—The idea of *Bellman's verses* is a Cockney thought, borrowed from London and grown miserably lean in its passage over the Atlantic.

RUTH concludes with a flourish like the *exergium* of *Horace*—"I have the supreme la-

tisfaction of knowing that it (my verse and prose) will be read, &c."—Yes RUTH it will be read—when *tartar emetic* is no more; for then it will be an admirable succedaneum for that celebrated medicine, being possessed of the power to create a nausea in the stomach of every person of feeling who chuses to make use of it—I cannot suppose that the pieces signed JANE are written by a female hand, they are evidently the production of one of the male gender (as RUTH calls it) RUTH I suppose to be no more of a female than JANE, and in style, still less of a gentleman—Whatever may be this author's natural genius, (and by some passages in the poem, he appears to possess it in some degree) he appears to have read but little, and without judgement; to write with anger but without experience.

March 7, 1793.

New-York, March 9.

ON Tuesday last, about 2 o'clock, on the sudden shifting of the wind from the southward to the north west, blowing fresh, two oyster boats, and a canoe, were foundered in the North River, opposite the city; by which unfortunate accident, SEVEN men lost their lives, among whom were, Mr. John Degrove, who has left a wife and 7 children, one of which was born a few hours after its unfortunate father was drowned. Mr. Wollervelt, a wife and 2 children. Mr. John Vanhouter, a wife and 2 children.

Late on Saturday evening, the 2d inst. the Congress of the United States adjourned *sine die*; the bill fixing the day for the meeting of the next Congress, having failed by non-concurrence, the 3d Congress will meet, agreeably to the constitution on the first Monday in December.

On Monday last, GEORGE WASHINGTON and the oath of President of the United States, for the ensuing four years, administered to him in the chamber of the Senate of the United States.

The following account bears every mark of being a fabrication. We knew that no active military operations was to take place till spring; that the first news of an event of that nature would have been received at the seat of government; to which place Gen. Wayne, if he wished to resign, must have sent his resignation.

Norfolk, Feb. 23.—By a gentleman arrived in town yesterday from Richmond, we are informed that official advices had been received in that place, that a part of the American army consisting of 1500 men, had been detached in order to cut off the communication, between Detroit and the Miami towns and that they had fallen in with a party of Indians by whom they were totally defeated, 700 being killed and the rest put to flight. General Wayne has resigned his command.

We are sorry not to be able only to present this imperfect sketch of such important intelligence, at the same time we hope that a few days will shew that the event has not been so unfortunate as it was apprehended.

Albany, Feb. 25.—With regret we lay before our readers the following tale of woe:—The house of Mr. ——— Forbes, near the Indian-Castle, was, on Saturday last, entirely consumed by fire, together with all the furniture, &c. therein. What render the catastrophe still more shocking, a young woman of about 16 years of age, and two small children fell victims to the devouring element. We understand that Mr. Forbes and his wife were on a visit to this city, and had intrusted the care of the house with the young woman above mentioned, who lived in the

neighbourhood, but whose name we do not learn. Unfortunately no one discovered the flames, except the devoted victims of their fury, nor were the neighbours apprised of the circumstance until the next morning, when the few remains of the building appeared as marks of the melancholy event. On the ground supposed to be nearly under one of the windows, were discovered the bones of the persons, thus suddenly summoned to an eternal world.

Captain Carnagie, of the *Alexander*, arrived at Philadelphia last Saturday from Lisbon, in 32 days as he came out of the *Tagus*, he met a British Packet going in, the Captain of which informed him, that there would be a declaration of War proclaimed by England against France, before he, Captain Carnagie, should arrive there.—The Captain of the Packet took the *Alexander* for an English vessel. This opinion however does not correspond with Capt. Carnagie's information, when he left Leeds in England, only 10 days before the day of speaking this Packet; for it then was generally believed, that there would not be any declaration of war, but rather that an accommodation was likely to take place. Captain Carnagie being a very intelligent man, we should presume his information at least as much to be depended on as the British Captain's; and it further corresponds with other accounts of Mr. Pitt carrying on a negotiation with the Executive Council of France.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Arrivals at this Port.

Ship Congress, Dexter,	Newbury-Port
Latitia, ———,	Teneriffe
Willson, ———,	Liverpool
Brig Hope, Farmer,	Faulkland Islands
Rebecca, Brown,	St. Croix & St. Eustatia
Cruger, Allin,	Amsterdam
Active, Robinson,	St. Bartholomew
Flora, Savage,	St. Eustatia
Schooner Gov. Clinton, Harris,	Aux Cayes
Sloop Sally, Squires,	St. Eustatia
Arno, Burris,	do.
Julius-Cæsar, Hubbel,	do.

Norfolk, February 19.

Extra from *Lindsay's Hotel Diary* February 19.

"This day arrived here the brig *Amity*, Robt. Mifley, Master, after a passage of 100 days, from Cadiz. On the 9th November, (being the 92d day) having all the sails except two topails and one square mainail, which they bent for a foresail; and being out of provisions and stores of every kind, luckily fell in with the brig *Eliza*, Capt. Bonds, from Savannah to New York, who generously unbent his mainail, and gave it him, and also spared him provisions; which was the means of saving the brig and crew, as a gale of wind from the East blew direct on shore.

Capt. Miles, arrived at Martinique from New-Haven, on the 28th December, fell in with Capt. Joseph Hofmer, from Salem, bound to Martinique in lat. 29. long. 58. That said Hofmer before, fell in with a distressed brig, of about 120 tons burthen, almost new, with bright sides, blue stern and hants, a deep waist and long quarter deck, having no person on board, and appeared to be an Eastern built vessel, both masts gone, her anchors cut out of their stocks, and Captain Hofmer had her in tow for Martinique.

They write from Dublin, an account of the sudden stoppage of a vessel, under full way, near the Isle of Man. She began to lank—alarmed, the boat was hoisted out and sunk immediately.—Consternation was fixed on every countenance.—The vessel, however, as suddenly righted and went on her course. An instance of this kind was known in 1759, and on that hour there was an earthquake. Philosophers are troubled and perhaps by a *vulgate*!

To CORRESPONDENTS.

✧ The Female Scribbler, and Julian Mandeville, in our next. The request of the latter shall be strictly complied with. Plato and A Universalist are under consideration.

HORANIAN SOCIETY.

THE Members of the Horanian Society, are requested to be punctual in their attendance at a stated meeting of the Society, at Six o'Clock this Evening, at their room in Nassau-Street, on particular business.

By order of the President,

March 9, 1793. M. L. DAVIS, Sec'y.

✧ THE Members of the Benevolent Society, are hereby requested to attend at their Monthly meeting on Tuesday Evening the 12th inst. precisely at seven o'clock, at No. 62, Chatham Street.

March 9, 1793. S. CLARK, Sec'y.

T H E A T R E.

By the OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

On MONDAY, EVENING, March 11, will be presented, a TRAGEDY, called,

The EARL of ESSEX; Or,

The Unhappy Favourite.

To which will be added, a FARCE, called,

The DEVIL to PAY; Or,

The Wives Metamorphosed.

Places in the Boxes may be had of Mr. Faulkner at the Box-Office from 10 to 12 A.M. and on the days of performance, from 3 to 5, P.M., where also Tickets may be had, and at Mr. Gain's Book Store, at the Bible, in Hanover-square.

The doors will be opened at a quarter of an hour after 5, and the curtain drawn up precisely at a quarter after 6.

Box 8s. Pit 6s. Gallery 4s.

VIVAT REPUBLICA.

LOST on TUESDAY LAST.

IT is supposed between the Ofwego Market and Coffee House, a LADIES MARTIN TIPPET. Whoever has found the same, and will leave it with the Printer bereof, shall be handsomely rewarded.

STOLEN, a few days ago, supposed to be stolen a pair of SILVER KNEE BUCKLES—Whoever has lost the same, may have them again by proving their property and paying the charges of this advertisement, Enquire at No. 29, Cherry-Street.

JUST ARRIVED.

SUPERFINE CLOTHS.

Imported in the Ship Peter, Captain Hufsey.

BEST London Superfine BROAD CLOTHS. Amongst which are very fashionable mixtures of sale by

CALEB HAVILAND.

Taylor, No 13, Golden-Hill-street.

Who returns his sincere thanks to those who have favoured him with their custom; and now assures them and the public in general, that he is furnished with cloths and trimmings of a superior quality, and is determined to sell them at as reasonable a rate as any person can afford in this city.

Also, Long pieces of India BANKEENS, of a superior quality.

To Be Let from the first of May next,

A Large Dry Cellar,

Very Convenient for a Grocer or Merchant, living near Peck-slip, to Store Goods.

Enquire of the Printer.

Court of Apollo.

WHEN DUTY CALL'D I SAIL'D AWAY.

A New and Favourite Song.

WHEN duty call'd I sail'd away,
Still to my girl and country true;
And nothing could my heart dismay,
But parting from my charming Sue.
With grief her tender heart was press'd,
And scarcely could I bid adieu;
Her sorrows fill'd my constant heart,
For dear I love my charming Sue;
Her sorrows fill'd my constant breast,
For dear I love my charming Sue.

The whistling winds began to blow,
And dreadful rocks appear'd in view;
Now up aloft, now down below,
Yet still I thought on charming Sue.
For three long years, upon the main,
Each toil and danger I went through;
At length, quite tight, return'd again,
I came, and found my charming Sue.

I kiss'd away the falling tear,
And vow'd I ever would be true;
Then bid her hope, and banish fear,
To pacify my charming Sue.
She sigh'd and wept, and sigh'd again,
But I was forc'd to bid adieu;
Yet, while I sail'd upon the main,
I thought upon my charming Sue.

Constant my lovely girl I found,
To me she faithful was, and true;
And having sail'd the world around;
I'm safe in port, with charming Sue:
Well rigg'd, to church we tript away,
Surrounded by the jolly crew;
And I am bound to bless the day
I saw my lovely charming Sue.

American Manufactured BLACK LEAD POTS,

Equal to any imported and cheaper.

BLACK LEAD, both coarse and fine, for the purpose of blackening Franklin Stoves, and irons with brass heads, Plains of various sorts good Glue, Brands, of copper or cast iron, of any description, Screw Augers, Pots, Kettles, Griddles, Pye Pans, iron Tea Kettles, wool and cotton Cards, &c. — Also, a general assortment of IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Lately imported, and will be disposed of on reasonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN,
No. 2, Beekman-Slip.
N. B. Genuine Haerlem Oil.

CHEMICAL FIRE,

PUT up in small oval pocket cases, very useful for those who travel by land or water, and very necessary in cases of sudden indisposition or alarm; a light is procured in an instant, by applying a common match. No family ought to be without them. Sold wholesale and retail, by

WILLIAM V. WAGENEN.

No. 43, corner of Queen-street and Beekman-slip, Who has also for sale, a large assortment of

Ironmongery, Cutlery, &c.

Which he will dispose of on the lowest terms for CASH.

N. B. Country traders and others, ordering goods from this store, may depend upon being served with fidelity and dispatch.

The Moralist.

IN the long list of those (says the author) who, after a life of warm piety, and extensive beneficence, have disclaimed all merit in themselves, and have ascribed the honour of their redemption solely to the son of God, I am happy to reckon a THORNTON, and a HOWARD of England, the greatest philanthropists of the present age, whose fortune and talents were remarkably devoted to the glory of God, and to the good of mankind.

Mr. THORNTON, a little before his death, wrote the following verses, upon receiving a mourning ring from a relation of his name.

"Welcome, thou presage of my certain doom!
I too must sink into the darksome tomb.
Yes, little prophet! thus my name shall stand
A mournful record on some friendly hand.
My name! 'tis here, the characters agree,
And every faithful letter speaks to me;
Bids me prepare to meet my natures foe,
Serene to feel the monster's fatal blow;
Without a sigh to quit the joys of time,
Secure of glory in a happier clime;
Then mount the skies, forsake my old abode,
And gain the plaudits of a smiling God.
Receive, LORD JESUS, body, soul, and spirit!
BEHOLD MY PLEA, THY SUFFERINGS
AND THY MERIT."

Mr. HOWARD, who visited hospitals, lazarettoes, prisons, and dungeons, in various countries, for the relief, and reformation of the most wretched objects of humanity, and who fell a sacrifice to his benevolent attempts in a foreign distant land, observes in a letter, to a friend, dated Venice, Oct. 1786, "My performances are truly over-rated. Even in our best exertions there is a miserable alloy of sin. I bless God, that I know myself too well, to be pleased with such praise. My private burial and my tomb I had fixed; and that my executor might know, that my mind was unaltered, the last thing I said to him, was, not to move me, if I died abroad; and that I would have only a plain slip of marble placed under that of my wife (HENRIETTA) with this inscription,

JOHN HOWARD, died —, aged —.
MY HOPE IS IN CHRIST."

MISS MARSCHALK, Milliner,

No. 3, WILLIAM STREET,
Has received per the Montgomery, Capt. Bunyan,
From LONDON,

AN ELEGANT AND NEW FASHIONED ASSORTMENT OF MILLINERY, VIZ.

CAPS, hats and bonnets,
Emboss'd dresses and trimmings,
Do. York fashies,

White and coloured fringes,

Embroidered silk handkerchiefs,

Fringed do. do.

White and coloured tiffany do.

Elegant feathers and flowers,

Necklaces, ear-rings and beads for trimmings,

Ladies and gentlemen's watch-chains and trinkets,

Ladies and girls' beaver and donatable hats,

White & fancy figured, & vellow sattins & modes,

Do. do. do. ribbons,

Elegant tamboured pocket books and wallets,

Morocco pocket books, thread cases and purses,

Ladies and girls' Morocco sandals and slippers,

Do. do. elastic slips,

— LIKEWISE —

An elegant assortment of FRENCH MILLINERY.

All orders in the MILLINERY LINE, thankfully received and executed with neatness and dispatch.

46—tf

TO BE SOLD, THAT EXCELLENT SPRING, Called, The TEA-WATER-PUMP.

WHICH has, for many years plentifully supplied this city, and the shipping in the harbor, with the best water ever found on this Island, together with two Houses and a Stable, with three large Lots of Ground. Also—A Lot of Ground, at the corner of Roosevelt and Banker streets; a good stand for a Grocery or Granary: And a House and Lot in Dyes-street. For conditions of sale, enquire of GERARDUS HARDENBROOK, next door to the Tea-Water-Pump, or WILLIAM C. THOMPSON, Parchment and Glove Manufacturer, No. 28, Dyes-street.

N. B. The Tea-Water-Pump will be sold at Public Auction on the 16th of March next, between 12 and 1 o'clock, on the premises, if not sold at Private Sale before.

New-York, Feb. 23, 1793.

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ENGLISH CHEESE.

A Small quantity of ENGLISH, with the largest assortment of AMERICAN CHEESE, ever offered for sale in this city.

For sale by

BLOODGOOD and HITCHCOCK,
No 65, Water-street, 1 door East of Beekman-slip.

Who have likewise

LONDON BOTTLED PORTER—SALT PETRE'D HAMS,

Malaga raisins in casks jars and boxes, Turkey figs, Prunes, anchovies, olives, capers, ketchup, &c. &c. with a general assortment of GROCERIES.

A few boxes GENUINE QUEBEC ESSENCE OF SPRUCE.

SEA STORES put up at the shortest notice, and the best manner.

New-York, February 2, 1793.

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THE MAIL DILIGENCE;

FOR Philadelphia, will, after the 2d day of December, leave the house of Capt. Verdine Elsworth's, at Pawles Hook, at sunrise every morning, except Saturday and Sunday, and start every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Seats for this stage must be engaged at the office, in Broad way, the day before starting. Fare for a passenger, 4 dollars. 150 wt. of baggage, 4 dollars. Way passengers, 4 cents per mile. 14 wt. of baggage gratis.

JOHN N. CUMMING, & Co.
Excellent Accommodations by Verdine Elsworth.

New-York, November 26, 1792.

S. L O Y D,

STAY, MANTUA-MAKER and MILLINER,

begs leave to inform her friends and the public in general, that she carries on the above business in all its branches, at No. 21, Great-Doek street.—She returns her most grateful acknowledgments to her friends and the public for past favours and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

Those ladies who please to favour her with their commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to give satisfaction, and the lowest terms.

Order from town or country punctually obeyed.

January 2, 1792.

93 1y.

WANTED, two young girls to learn the stay making business; for particulars apply at No. 37, Broad-Way.

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In General, executed at this Office with neatness accuracy and dispatch, on terms as reasonable as any in this City.